

The bell in the private room rang at that noment, and the landlady's daughter, it s needless to say, took the opportunity of forming her own opinion of Mr. Hugh

forming her own opinion of Mr. Hugh Mountjoy.

She returned with a letter in her hand, consumed by a vain longing for the advantages of gentle birth. "Ah, mother, if I was a young lady of the higher classes, I know whose wife I should like to be." Not particularly interested in sentimental aspirations, the landlady asked to see Mr. Mountjoy's letter. The messenger who delivered it was to wait for an answer. It was addressed to: "Miss Henley, care of Clarence Vimpany, Esquire, Heneybuzgard." Urged by an excited imagination, the daughter longed to see Miss Henley. The mother was at a loss to understand why Mr. Mountjoy should have troubled himself to write the letter at all. "If he knows the young lady who is staying at knows the young lady who is staying at the doctor's house," she said, "why doesn't he call on Miss Henley?" She handed the letter back to her daughter. "There! let the ostler take it; he's got nothing to

"No mother. The ostler's dirty hands "No, mother. The ostler's dirty hands mustn't touch it—I in take the letter myself. Perhaps I may see Miss Henley." Such was the impression which Mr. Hugh Mountjoy had innocently produced on a sensitive young person, comdemned by destiny to the barren sphere of action afforded by a country inn!

The landlady herself took the dinner upstairs—a first course of mutten chops and receives cooked to a degree of imperfec-

potatoes; cooked to a degree of imperfec-tion only attained in an English kitchen. The sour French wine was still on the good woman's mind. "What would you choose to drink, sir?" she asked. Mr. Mountjoy seemed to feel no interest in what he might have to drink. "We have what he might have to drink. "We have some French wine, sir.' "Thank you, ma'am; that will do."

When the bell rang again, and the time when the bell rang again, and the time came to produce the second course of cheese and celery, the landlady allowed the waiter to take her place. Her experi-ence of the farmers who frequented the inn, and who had in some few cases been induced to taste the wine, warned her te anticipate an outbreak of just anger from Mr. Mountjoy. He, like the others, would probably ask what she "meant by poison-ing him with such stuff as that." On the return of the waiter she put the question:
"Did the gentleman complain of the

'He wants to see you about it, ma'am." The landlady turned pale. The expression of Mr. Mountjoy's indignation was evidently reserved for the mistress of the house. "Did he swear," she asked, "when house. "Did

"Lord bless you, ma'am, no! Drank if out of a tumbler, and—if you will believe me—actually seemed to like it." me—actually seemed to like it."

The landlady recovered her color. Gratitude to Providence for having sent a customer to the inn, who could drink sour wine without discovering it, was the uppermost feeling in her ample bosom as she entered the private room. Mr. Mountjoy justified her anticipations. He was simple enough—with his tumbler before him, and the wine as it were under his nose—to begin with an apology.

the wine as it were under his nose—to be gin with an apology.

"I am sorry to trouble you, ma'am. May I ask where you got this wine?"

"The wine, sir, was one of my late husband's bad debts. It was all he could get from a Frenchman who owed him money."

"It's worth money, ma'am."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, indeed. This is some of the finest and purest claret that I have tasted for many a long day past."

An alarming suspicion disturbed the serenty of the landlady's mind. Was this extraordinary opinion of the wine sincere? Or was it Mr. Mountjoy's wicked design to entrap her into praising her claret and to entrap her into praising her claret and then to imply that she was a cheat by de-claring what he really thought of it? She took refuge in a cautious reply:

"You are the first gentleman, sir, who has not found fault with it."

"In that case, perhaps you would like to get rid of the wine!" Mr. Mountjoy sug-The landlady was still cautious. "Who will buy it of me, sir?" "I will. How much do you charge for it

"I will. How much do you charge for it by the bottle?"

It was, by this time, clear that he was not mischievous—only a little crazy. The worldly-wise hostess took advantage of that circumstance to double the price, Without hesitation, she said: "Five shillings a bottle; sir."

Often, too often, the irony of circumstances brings together, on this earthly seene, the opposite types of vice and virtue. A lying landlady and a guest incapable of deceit were looking at each other across a narrow table; equally unconscious of the immeasurable moral guil that lay between them. Influenced by honorable feeling, innocent Hugh Mountjoy lashed the landlady's greed for money to the full gallop of human cupidity.

gallop of human cupidity.

"I don't think you are aware of the value of your wine," he said. "I have clerat in my cellar which is not so good as this, and which costs more than you have asked. It is only fair to offer you seven-and-sixpence a bottle."

when an eccentric traveler is asked to pay a price, and deliberately raises that price against himself, where is the sensible woman—especially if she happens to be a widow conducting an unprofitable business—who would hesitate to improve the opportunity? The greedy landlady raised her terms.

"On reflection, sir, I think I ought to have ten shillings a bottle, if you please."

"The wine may be worth it," Mountjoy answered, quietly; "but it is more than I can afford to pay. No, ma'am; I will leave you to find some lover of good claret with a longer purse than mine."

It was in this man's character when he said "No" to mean "no." Mr. Mountjoy's left him."

"I in him?" Mountjoy said.

"Not at first," she replied.

"Has he released you from that rash engagement, of some years since, which pledged you to marry him?"

"Did he allude to the engagement on this occasion?"

"He said he held to it as the one hope of his life."

"I implored him not to distress me."

"Did you say nothing more positive than that?"

"I couldn't help thinking, Hugh, of all that he had tried to do to save Arthur. But I fusisted on leaving him—and I have left him."

It was in this man's character when he said "No" to mean "no." Mr. Monatjoy's hostess perceived that her crazy customer was not to be trifled with. She lowered her terms again with the headlong hurry of terror. "You shall have it, sir, at your own price," said this entirely shameless and perfectly respectable woman.

The bargain having been closed under these circumstances, the landlady's daughter knocked at the door. "I took your letter myself, sir," she said modestly; "and here is the answer." (She had seen Miss Henley, and did not think much of her.) Mountjoy offered the expression of his thanks in words never to be forgotten by a sensitive young person and opened his letter. It was short enough to be read his letter. It was short enough to be read in a moment, but it was evidently a favorable reply. He took his hat in a hurry and asked to be shown the way to Mr. Vimpany's house.

CHAPTER IL. THE MAN SHE REFUSED. Mountjoy had decided on traveling to Honeybuzzard, as soon as he heard that Miss Henley was staying with strangers in that town. Having had no earlier opportunity of preparing her to see him, he had considerately written to her from the lan in preference to presenting himself.

inn, in preference to presenting himself mexpectedly at the doctor's house. How would she receive the devoted friend, whose proposal of marriage she had refused for the second time, when they had last met in London? last met in London?

The doctor's place of residence, situated in a solitary by street, commanded a view, not perhaps encouraging to a gentleman who followed the medical profession—it was a view of the churchyard. The door was opened by a woman-servant, who looked suspiciously at the stranger. Witheast waiting to be questioned she said her master was out.

looked suspiciously at the stranger. Withest waiting to be questioned she said her master was out.

Mountjoy mentioned his name and asked for Miss Henley.

The servant's manner altered at once for the better; she showed him into a small drawing-room, scantily and cheaply furnished. Some poorly framed prints on the walls (a little out of place, perhaps, in a dector's house) represented portraits of famous actresses who had been queens of the stage in the early part of the present century. The few books, too, collected on a little sheif above the chimney-piece, were in every case specimens of dramatic literature. "Who reads these plays?"

Mountjoy asked himself. "And how did liris find her way into this house!"

While he was thinking of her, Miss Honwy entered the reom.

Her face was pale and careworn; tears the find her way in the house of the brother's death by assassination doesn't may all the fond familiarity of a sister, and kissed his forehead. "Oh, Hugh, I know how you and Arthur loved each other's No words of mine can say how I feel for you."

"Ro words are wanted, my dear," he and the words are wanted, my dear," he are

"No words are wanted, my dear," he an-moved tenderly. "Your sympathy speaks

ter itself."

Misled her to a chair and seated himself by her side. "Your father has shown me what you have written to him," he remail "your letter from Bublin and your mond letter from this place. I know had you have so nobly risked and suffered in poor Arthur's interests. It will be more consolation to me if I can make a letter way poor return. Iris—for all

that Arthur's brother owes to the truest friend that ever man had. No," he con-tinued, gently interrupting the expression of her gratitude. "Your father has not sent me here—but he knows that I have sent me here but he knows that I have sent London for the express purpose of seeing you, and he knows why. You have writted to him dutifully and affectionately: you have pleaded for pardon and reconciliation, when he is to blame. Shall I venture to tell you how he answered me when I asked if he had no faith left in his own child? 'Hugh,' he said, 'you are wasting words on a man whose mind is made up. I will trust my daughter when that Irish lord is laid in his grave—not before.' That is a reflection on you, Iris, which I cannot permit, even when your father casts it. He is hard, he is unforquing; but he must, and shall, be conquered yet. I mean to make him do you justice: I have come here with that purpose, and that purpose only, in view. May I speak to you of Lord Harry?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"My dear, this is a delicate subject for me to enter on."

"My dear, this is a delicate subject for me to enter on."

"And a shameful subject for me." Iris broke out bitterly. "Hugh, you are an angel by comparison with that man—how debased I must be to love him—how unworthy of your good opinion! Ask me anything you like; have no mercy on me! Oh," she cried, with reckless contempt for herself, "why don't you beat me? I desarrate."

Mountjoy was well enough acquainted with the natures of women to pass over that passionate outbreak, instead of fan-ning the flame in her by reasoning and re-

onstrance.
"Your father will not listen to the expression of feeling," he continued; "but it is possible to rouse his sense of justice by the expression of facts. Help me to speak to him more plainly of Lord Harry than to him more plainly of Lord Harry than you could speak in your letters. I want to know what has happened, from the time when events at Ardoon brought you and the young lord together again, to the time when you left him in Ireland after my brother's death. If I seem to expect too much of you, Iris, pray remember that I am speaking with a true regard for your interests." In those words he made his generous ap-peal to her. She proved herself to be worthy of it. Stated briefly, the retrospect began with

Stated briefly, the retrospect began with the mysterious anonymous letters which had been addressed to Sir Giles.

Lord Harry's explanation had been offered to Iris gratefully, but with some reserve, after she had told him who the stranger at the milestone really was. "I entreat you to pardon me, if I shrink from entering into particulars," he had said. "Ciroumstances, at the time, amply justified me in the attempt to use the banker's political influence as a means of securing fied me in the attempt to use the banker's political influence as a means of securing Arthur's safety. I knew enough of Sir Gles' mean nature to be careful in trusting him; but I did hope to try what my personal influence might do. If he had possessed a tenth part of your courage, Arthur might have been alive and safe in England at this moment. I can't say any more; I daren't say any more; it maddens



He led her to a chair, and scated himsel by her side.

me when I think of it." He abruptly changed the subject, and interested Iris by speaking of other and later events. His association with the Invincibles—inexcusably rash and wicked as he himself confessed itt o be—had enabled him to penetrate, and for a time to defeat secretly, the murderous designs of the brotherhood. His appearances, first at the farmthe murderous designs of the brother-hood. His appearances, first at the farm-house and afterwards at the rain in the wood, were referable to changes in the plans of the assassins which had come to his knowledge. When Iris had met with him he was on the watch, believing that his friend would take the short way back through the wood, and well aware that his own life might pay the penalty if he succeeded in warning Arthur. After the terrible discovery of the murder (committed on the high road) and the escape of the miscreant who had been guilty of the crime, the parting of Lord Harry and Miss Henley had been the next event. She had left him, on her return to England, and had refused to consent to any of the future meetings between them which he besought her to grant.

At this stage in the narrative, Mountjoy felt compelled to ask questions more searching than he had put to Iris yet. It was possible that she might be trusting her own impressions of Lord Harry, with the ill-placed confidence of a woman innocently self-deceived.

"Did he submit willingly to your leav-

cently self-deceived.
"Did he submit willingly to your leav-

"Did he submit willingly to your leav-ing him?" Mountjoy said.

"Not at first," she replied.

"Has he released you from that rash en-gagement, of some years since, which pledged you to marry him?"

"I couldn't help thinking, Hugh, of all that he had tried to do to save Arthur. But I insisted on leaving him—and I have left him." "Do you remember what he said at part-

"He said: 'While I live I love you.'" "He said; 'While I live I love you.'"

As she repeated the words there was an involuntary change to tenderness in her voice which was not lost on Mountjoy.

"I must be sure," he said to her gravely, "of what I tell your father when I go back to him. Can I declare, with a sale conscience, that you will never see Lord Harry seals."

again."

"My mind is made up never to see him sgain." She had answered firmly so far. Her next words were spoken with hesitation, in tones that faltered. "But I am sometimes afraid," she said, "that the de-

the railway?"

"She travelled by the same trafa to Dublin with me and my maid, but not in the same carriage," Iris answered. "I was so fortunate as to meet with her on the voyage from Dublin to Holyhead. We had a rough crossing; and Rhoda suffered so dreadfully from sea-sickness that she frightened me. The stewardess was attending to ladies who were calling for her in all directions: I really don't know what misfortune might not have happened, if Mrs. Vimpany had not come forward in the kindest manner, and offered help. She knew so wonderfully well what was to be done, that she astonished me. "I am the wife of a doctor," she said, 'and I am only imitating what I have seen my husband do, when his assistance has been required, at sea, in weather like this." In her poor state of health, Rhoda was too much exhausted to go on by the train, when we got to Holyhead. She is the best of good girls, and I am fond of her, as you know. If I had been by myself, I dare say I should have sent for medical help. What do you think dear Mrs. Vimpany offered to do? 'Your maid is only faint,' she said. 'Give her rest and some iced wine, and she will be well enough to go on by the slow train. Dou't be f ightened about her. I will wait with you.' And she did wait. Are there many strangers, Hugh, who are as unselfishly good to others as my chance acquaintance on the steamboat?" tunate interruption. It was the hour of delivery by the afternoon post. The ser-vant came in with a small scaled packet, and a sip of printed paper in her hand. "It's registered, ma'am," the woman an-

please sign this. And he seems to be in a hurry."

She placed the packet and the slip of paper on the table, near the inkstand. Having signed the receipt, Mrs. Vimpany took up the packet, and examined the address. She instantly looked at Iris, and looked away again. "Will you excuse me for a moment" saying this she left the room, without opening the packet.

The moment that the door closed on her, Iris started up, and hurried to Mountloy.

her, Iris started up, and hurried to Mountjoy.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, "I saw the address on that packet when the servant put
it on the table."

"My dear, what is there to excite you in
the address?"

"Don't speak so loud! She may be listening outside the door."

Not only the words, but the tone in
which they were spoken, amazed Mountjoy. "Your friend, Mrs. Vimpany!" he
exclaimed.

"Mrs. Vimpany was afraid to open the
packet in our presence," Iris went ou:

ers as my chance acquaintance on the

steamboat?"
"Very few, I am afraid."
Mountjoy made that reply with some
little embarrassment, conscious of a doubt
of Mrs. Vimpany's disinterested kindness, which seemed to be unworthy of a
just man.
Lris went on

just man.

Iris went on.

"Rhoda was sufficiently recovered," she said, "to travel by the next train, and there seemed to be no reason for feeling any more anxiety. But, after a time, the fatigue of the journey proved to be too much for her. The poor girl turned pale—and fainted. Mrs. Vimpany revived her, but, as it turned out, only for a while. She fell into another fainting. It; and my traveling companion began to look anx-

An! you look around the room! They are poor, miserably poor for persons in their position, these worthy friends of mine. I have had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to let me coutribute my share towards the household expenses. They only yielded when I threatened to go to the inn. You are looking very serious. Hugh Is it possible that you see

lous, Hugh. Is it possible that you se

packet in our presence." Iris went on;
"you must have seen that. The handwriting is familiar to me! I am certain of
the person who wrote the address."
"Well! And who is the person?"

She whispered in his ear: "Lord Harry." [To Be Continued.]

Ludicrous Errors.

The method of lending money on furniture, which has sprung so far and rapidly into public favor, is constantly begetting ludicrous errors in chattel mortgages, said a clerk in the record-er's office to a St. Louis Globe Demobut, as it turned out, only for a while. She fell into another fainting-fit; and my traveling companion began to look anxious. There was some difficulty in restoring Rhoda to her senses. In dread of another attack, I determined to stop at the next station. It looked such a poor place, when we got to it, that I hesitated. Mrs. Vimpany persuaded me to go on. The next station, she said, was her station. Stop there, she suggested, and let my husband look at the girl. I ought not perhaps to say it, but you will find no better medical man out of London. I took the good creature's advice gratefully. What else could I do?"

"What would you have done," Mountjoy inquired, "if Rhoda had been strong enough to get to the end of the journey?"

"I should have gone on to London and taken refuge in a lodging—you were in town, as I believed, and my father might relent in time. As it was, I felt my lonely position keenly. To meet with kind people like Mr. Vimpany and his wife, was a real blessing to such a friendless creature as I am—to say nothing of the advantage to Rhoda, who is getting better every day. I should like you to see Mrs. Vimpany, if she is at home. She is a little formal and old-fashioned in her manner—but I am sure you will be pleased with her. Ah! you look around the room! They are poor, miserably poor for persons in their position, these worthy friends of mine. I crat reporter. This is due to the fact that so many illiterate men with small capital and a passion to increase it like sixty are indulging. We are compelled by law to copy every instrument put here for record letter for letter. If there is an error we copy the mistake, but underscore it to indicate that it is not the fault of the office. Not long since a man presented a mortgage that described "a blue mule with red plush trimmings." Whether it was an article of parlor or street car furniture I de not know, but I suppose he did.

Another curiosity was the description of a "marble top stove, a bureau with seven baking utensils, a luttuce-colored silk dress, mixed with yellowish blue fringe lace and flour barrel fixin' be-hind, and a patent apparatus for stir-ring eggs up fine." 'Lusterless silk (2). a frying pan, egg hatcher, cracked spittoon, sausage machine and Reub-en's chromo" is an extract I got from an incongruous collection one day. "A bureau with a lookin' glass an' drawers to set what's left over in," was the sentence used by one man to keep track of a sideboard. An S tete-a-tete was recorded as a "settee with both ends warped skin ways and the back in the middle," while an invalid chair was marked down by an expressionist as a "double bicycle chair, devilish easy to set in any shape." But one I remem-ber excelled all. It spoke of a fine taxidermist's cabinet as a "glass case full of dead birds that don't stink and

But their orthography is great. Curtains often go as "kirtins," center table as "sent her tabil," and bedstead with mattress as "begstid wit ticks," while "soin' masheen," "x10shun table" and "screetwar" for escritoire are common, though "chickens in a peeno" for a Chickering's piano is not. But these must be rendered, on our books true to copy, which led to a very quaint en-grossment soon after the legislature regrossment soon after the legislature reduced the number of notaries public from 700 or 800 to 100. One of the ousted notaries, in writing his last acknowledgment, took occasion to re-mark at the bottom that the members of the last assembly were a class of ted trio of words which few Americans will be called without trying to which somebody, and the application of which is popularly considered a justification for trying to whip anybody. But his opinion was reco ded and will stand for years as a concise sizing up of a de-

Proffered Assistance.

funct legislature.

Years ago Jeremiah Hacker was a successful school teacher. Though a quaker and strongly opposed to fightquaker and strongly opposed to nghi-ing, he had no religious or conscien-tious scruples against thrashing dis-orderly pupils severely. An Irishman, half intoxicated, was one day digging a well near Hacker's school. Hearing a fearful howling he made for the school-house, pickax in hand, and knocked loudly at the door. When asked his errand he replied: "I mane no harrum, Misther Schoolmaster. I thought ye were tryhyin' to kill the lad, an' I come over to see if ye were wantin' help. The proffered assistance was declined with thanks .- Lewiston Journal.

The pugilist's motto.-There is more pleasure in giving than receiving.

dignity which gave it a value of its own. This was a woman who could make such a commonplace thing as an apology worth listening to. Iris stopped her as she was about to leave the room. "I was just wishing for you," she said. "Let me introduce my old friend, Mr. Mountjoy. Hugh, this is the lady who has been so kind to me. Mrs. Vimpany."

Hugh's impulse, under the circumstances, was to dispense with the formality of a bow, and to shake hands. Mrs. Vimpany met this friendly advance with a suavity of action not often seen in these days of movement without ceremony. She was a tall, slim woman, of a certain age. Art had so cleverly improved her complexion that it almost looked like nature. Her cheeks had lost the plumpness of youth, but her hair (thanks again, perhaps, to art) showed no sign of turning gray. The expression of her large dark eyes—placed perhaps a little too near to her high aquiline nose—claimed admiration from any person who was so fortunate as to come within their range of view. Her hands, long, yellow and pitiably thin, were used with a grace which checked to some extent their cruel betrayal of her age. Her dress had seen better days, but it was worn with an air which forbade it to look actually shabby. The faded lace AN ENORMOUS STUMP. Undoubtedly the largest stump the State of Washington is the one lo-cated just below Snohomish City, on the farm of W. S. Clay. It is a huge cedar, and its diameter is 20 feet-a surface sufficient for a hundred men to it was worn with an air which forbade it to look actually shabby. The faded lace that encircled her neck fell in scanty folds over her bosom. She sunk into a chair by Hugh's side. "It was a great pleasure to me, Mr. Mountjoy, to offer my poor services to Miss Henley; I can't tell you how stand upon. The tree was burned down some sixteen years ago says the Seattle Press, and its wood was used for fence-rails, shingles, etc. There was enough material in the tree to furnish rails for the fencing of a large Texas farm.

vices to Miss Henley; I can't tell you how happy her presence makes me in our little house." The compliment was addressed to Iris, with every advantage that smiles and tones could offer. Oddly artificial as it undoubtedly was, Mrs. Vimpany's manner produced, nevertheless, an agreeable impression. Disposed to doubt her at first, Mountjoy found that she was winning her way to a favorable change in his opinion. She so far interested him, that he began to wonder what her early life might have been, when she was young and handsome? He looked again at the plays on the bookshelf—and then (when she was speaking to Iris) he stole a sly glauce at the doctor's wife. Was it possible that this remarkable woman had once been an actress? He attempted to put the value of that guess to the test by means of a complimentary allusion to the prints.

"My memory as a play-goer doesn't ex-The wood is red cedar and is similar to the timber from which lead pencils are made, and would also be cherished by any builder for the special wood finish and decoration of a house. The farm upon which the stump is was taken up as a homestead by Royal Has-kell in the year 1873. Mr. Haskell con-

with the first of the first of

STORY-TELLING MINERS.

A group of old mining men who have been doing some hard swearing in the United States Court for the past week were camped in the reading-room of the Markham trying to shock one another with yarns about their special line of business, says the Denver News. Some of the tales were wofully moss-covered, but the old fellows didn't encovered, but the old fellows didn't en-joy them any the less because they had heard the same things at intervals for the last quarter of a century. Finally they branched off from mining proper into quarrying. None of them ever did any quarrying, and it was perhaps for that reason that the romances were for that reason that the romances were saturated with a lurid irridescent coloring. First of all it was agreed that getting out big blocks of stone wasn't much of a job anyway, and required no such intellect as burrowing into the depths of a mountain with a real mine. Then it was agreed that it

lived more than a week. lived more than a week.

"Up there by my place," said a redfaced hearty looking man from the
Gunnison country, "they don't seem to
think anything of putting in a blast
with more powder than a couple of locomotives, and then standing around
to sort of encourage it to go off and
kill half a dozen of them. If it doesn't
seem to be a good, healthy blast they seem to be a good, healthy blast they go over and grin down the hole at it and poke it familiarly. Every now and then a couple of them are hoisted in saveral directions. in several directions over the hills. The survivors have a satisfied air for a week after, and sit around the saloons telling how things are beginning to pick up again like old times. Then again, don't think they are doing their duty unless they shower rocks over a township. My house is a quarter of a mile away from the nearest quarry, and the outside of it is covered with

was a wonder that any quarryman

dents made by flying rocks."

His auditors looked at one another doubtfully, but he kept right on with perfect evenness. "People don't know what those heavy blasts are. Cannons are nothing to

them. I saw a case myself where a stone that weighed, I should say, twenty pounds was thrown eight miles. May-be you don't believe that, but it is be you don't believe that, but it is true. I tell you those quarrymen are the most reckless lot of fellows on earth. They got so used to tearing things up by the acre that I believe they are making their charges bigger and bigger every day. Do you know why game leaves the neighborhood of the curring. the quarries?"
"Quarrymen eat them maybe," ven-

tured a little man. "Eat them, nothing! So many are killed by the shower of stones that the remainder leave." The party broke up in a thoughtful

and abstracted way. She Fetched Him.

Miss Hurryup—Ah, George, you can not tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentle-

Mr. Holdoff-Troubles, Carrie? Of what nature, pray?
Miss H-Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying, "When is it going to come off?" as if marriage was a prize-fight. But this is not the worst. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents. There's pa, now; he is constantly asking such questions as, "Carrie, what are Mr. Holdoff's intentions? What does he call upon you so regularly for, and stay so late when he does call?" And he sometimes looks so mad when he asks these questions that I actually tremble.

men which he designated by a hyphen-Miss H .- I can't make any answer at all, for, you see, you haven't said any-thing to me and—and—of course I—

Then Mr. Holdoff whispered some thing in Carrie's ear, and the next time her father questions her she will be

ready with a satisfactory reply. Honor Among Thieves.

Mr. Peters is noted for his presen of mind and his influence over his fellowmen, as well as for his sense of fun, which he sometimes uses to good effect. The business of the firm which employs him, took him not long ago, to a little out-of-the-way country place, where he could find lodging only in a very uncomfortable-looking inn, kept by a single man.

He was wakened in the middle of the He was wakened in the middle of the night by a light shining on his face. Sitting up in bed, he found his host standing beside him with a lantern in one hand and a pistol in the ether.

"A lantern, too," said Mr. Peters.

"Do you know, it reminds me of a cornhusking frolic I went to once? We all took our own lanterns, and hung them

"Where's your money? Where's your watch?" asked the man, gruffly, though he could not conceal his surprise at Mr. Peters' coolness. "If I tell you," said the traveller, smiling, "will you promise to go off to bed and let me finish my nap?"

to bed and let me finish my nap?"
"Well, then, yes! You are the coolest customer I ever see."
"Very good. I know you'll keep your promise and go as soon as I tell you where they are. My watch is at a city jeweler's for a new main-spring, and all the money I have with me—\$17—is in my sample-case down in your office, where I left it for you to take care of. I hope, if you bother to get care of. I hope, if you bother to get it, you'll leave enough for me to pay you for my bed and breakfast."

The man turned abruptly and walked out of the room. Mr. Peters declares that he was laughing. No reference to this midnight visit was made next morning, and the sample-case was found untouched; but just as Mr. Peters was leaving, after paying his bill, his grim host said, with a grim-

"Good luck to you on your trip, and be sure you put that sample-case of yourn in safe keeping nights." yourn in safe ke Youth's Companion.

Tommy—"Paw, why do they always say counting noses" when they talk about counting a crowd?" Mr. Figg—"It started at political meetings, my son. You can see a politican's nose when there is not light anough to diswhen there is not light enough to dis-tinguish anything else."-Terre Haute

"Dashley—"I would like to go to that masquerade to-night, but I am broke. I can't even afford to buy a mask." Cashley—"Why, you could get trusted for a mask." Dashley—"That's so. Maybe I could." Cashley—"Certainly. Your face ought to be good for a mask anywhere."—America.

Mrs. Wickwire—"Why don't you quit that stupid habit you've got of saying 'By Jove'? What do you know about Jove anyway?" Mr. Wickwire—"I will if you will stop saying 'The idea' every time you are spoken to. What do you know about ideas anyway?"—Terre Haute Express.

"Don't you think," said a youth, after working his vocal cords with intense vigor beside the hotel piano, "that I ought to go on the stage?" "Yes," replied Miss Pepperton, who doesn't like him very well, "I certainly do There is one that leaves for the station just an hour and a half from now."—Musical Courier.

Jack Rapid (behind the scenes examining a coin suspended from the bracelet of the premiere danseuse—"Why, what a rare coin! Stamped with the old Roman Edigy too. Where did you get it?" Rival Coryphes (in an andible whisper)—"She got it from Julius Comme for a birthday gift."—

WIT AND HUMOR.

The peal of a banana has a falling in-ection.—Yonkers Gazette. A cloud upon a real-estate title does not always have a silver lining. - Hutch-inson News.

If a girl knows she is pretty it is not because any other girl told her so— Atchison Globe.

The rejected suitor probably con-siders his girl not-ty but nice—Bing-campton Leader. An official organ is one that has an authorized crank to turn it.—New

Orleans Picayune. Gentlemen who wind their watches at night are apt to wind them up tight.

When a man is under a cloud the silver lining is generally on the other side.—Philadelphia Press. From the fruit preserver we get our

jams and from the distiller our jim jams.—Boston Courier. Ardent Suitor—"Do you love me, darling?" Modern girl—"I don't know. How much are you worth?"—Somerville Journal.

Tomlet-I see that they are making cloth out of glass." Boblet—"Fo opera dresses and the ballet, I imagine.

—N. Y. Herald. Teacher-"Tommy, how is the earth

divided?" Tommy—"Between them that's got it and them that wants it."—
Terre Haute Express. A squeeze in the stock market may be a bear hug or it may be the result of getting entangled in bull rushes. — Binghamton Republican.

"It seems impossible to get away from them," said a Wall street sufferer who saw a shark while sojourning in Florida. - Washington Post. She-"I hear poor Charley Good-enough has shot himself. Did he lose

his money?" He—"No. He married a woman with a mission."—Life. Duke-"Be mine, Miriam. I lay all my titles at thy feet." Miriam-"Go slow, Duke. I don't care for titles. Let's see your deeds."-N. Y. Sun.

Ted—"Why don't you take your girl skating?" Ned—"She doesn't know how." Ted—Lucky fellow! That's where all the fun comes in."—Life: "Who shall set a limit to the influence of a human being?" queries the philosopher. The human being's office boy, of course.—Somerville Journal.

Brown-"Why do they call Prof. Quay the electric planist?" Smith—
"O, I suppose because he has such shocking execution."—Rome Sentinel. An exchange states: "A late census of France embraced 30,000,000 women all told." Of course they did; women never could keep a secret."—Philadel-phia Press.

There's nothing very doleful about it; still when a maiden has sifted a kiss through an incipient mustache she is apt to get down in the mouth."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you want the earth?" inquired the haughty hotel clerk of a meekly complaining guest. "No," was the reply; "you can keep it awhile longer till I ask you for it."—Washington Post. "Ten dollars for that parrot? Why,

ten donars for that parrot? Why, it's simply monstrous!" "But, sir, please to observe that he speaks two languages. "What are they?" "Why, English and—his native tongue."—

Judge. He (at midnight)—"Funny custom the Chinese have. The hostess is expected to notify the caller when it is time to go." She (with a sigh)—But we are in America, you know."—Terre Haute Frances.

Haute Express. shoulder as he clips an article from an exchange)—"Does that require much intellect?" Editor—"None whatever;

why, I believe even you could do it."-Munsey's Weekly. Turner—"That Sampson is a mean Drawly-"Yaws, by Jove; he said the othaw night that I wemind-ed him of Bawnum's What-Is It." "But I will say of him he's as honest as the

day is long."-Time. A woman writer says: "Women want comfort." And yet, offer s woman the choice between a ton of coal and a pair of French heel shoes and which do you suppose she will take?—Texas Siftings.

Trovers (in hat store)—"I wish you would charge me for this hat. Clerk— "But we don't know you, sir." Trovers - 'That's all the more reason, then, why

you should be willing to charge it."-"Hello, Biggs, where yer going so early with that big market basket?"
"On a post-prandial excursion, old man." "On a what?" Post-prandial excursion; going after dinner, you know."—Boston Transcript.

"Judge Blank is quite a book col-lector, you know." "Well, what of it?"
"He found a tattered copy of a rare book the other day and the first thing he did was to have it bound over to keep the pieces."—N. Y. Herald.

An Athens, Ga., special says: Four years without sleeping a wink. That sounds preposterous, but it is exactly the case of an old negro now living in Athens. Charley Hayden is .1s name, and the snows of age have settled down upon him. In slavery times he belong ed to John White, who lived at that time in this county. Charley was seen time in this county. Charley was seen on the streets yesterday talking to sev-eral of his friends and telling them of

his curious condition. "For four years," said he, "I have not slept a wink. I hear continually a buzzing sound, and it seems as if sev eral persons were talking to me all the time. At night I lie in my bed with my eyes wide open, and if I do sleep never close them, and always lear the talking. It is an awful thing to be talked to for four years, and through the long nights to have to listen to this nonsense."

Charlie has tried doctors for his sleepleasness, and has found no remedy, and has given up all hope of ever sleeping again. He, as a matter of necessity, sleeps, but his eyes never close, and all his mental faculties remain ever awake. His case is a curious one.

Napoleon's grand army has dwindled down to a small company. It has been ascertained that there are now only 112 men who wear the medal of St. Helena and whose name appear on the pension list of the Legion of Honor for 1890. In 1883 there were 1,428 of these veterans still living. The next year there were 500 less, and in 1887 there were only 224. there were only 224.

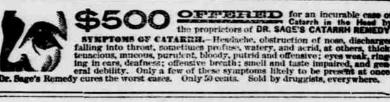
A Good Crop. A large tract of tea land in the neigh-berhood of Canton this year yielded per acre \$1,000 in tea leaves of the finest

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A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"You certainly are mistaken," said one young man to another at an evening party, "but that cannot be the young lady I met last winter. though the name is the same. Judge for yourself. This girl has a glorious complexion, while the ther young lady-Good heavens, what a skin she had! Covered with blotches and red-headed pimples; it was like a nutmeg grater. Oh no, this cannot be the young lady." But it was, though, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery had worked the miracle. As a remedy for pimples, blotches, eruptions and all Skin and Scalp diseases, it is the most wonderful medicine extant. Of all the many blood-purifiers and remedies for skin diseases, "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only one guaranteed to do all that's claimed for it, or money promptly refunded! Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Eczema, Boils, and Carbuncles. In all Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, "Fever-sores," "Hip-joint Disease" and all impurities of the blood, no matter from whatever cause arising, it effects the most marvelous cures. World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



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"I see," said Mrs. Henpeck, "that the new Brazilian Government has established civil marriages." "Well, I wish you'd go down there and learn something about them. I'm getting mighty tired of this uncivil affair of ours."—N. Y. Sun.

"O, doctor," exclaimed the weeping wife, "must you give my husband up Can't you do something more for him doctor, before you go?" "Yes, madam," said the doctor, grimly, "I can make out my bill."—Somerville

"You have read 'Faust' in the original, I presume, Mr. Verybright?" she said, while the other folks at table were discussing German literature. "No, 1 haven't," he replied, "but I've read Goethe, though. Have you ever read him?"—N. Y. Sun.

Cjerks—"You know old Sample, the biggest liar in the Northwest? Well, he's going into business." Bjerks—"What's he going into?" Cjerks—"He hasn't made up his mind whether to be a weather prophet or a gron statistic. a weather prophet or a crop statisti-Mr. Bluepill—"I am in favor of any movement that will shorten the hours of labor. I think no man should be compelled to work more than eighteen hours a day." Labor Agitator—"You mean eight hours?" "No. I mean eighteen. I am a drug clerk."—Time.

A Strange Friendship.

A New England farmer's wife has a speckled hen and a Maltese cat that are the best of friends. Last spring they each came into possession of a family, using the same nest in the hayloft. When the hen was away Tabby protected and kept warm both families, kittens and chickens, and when tabby went foraging they all nestled under the wings of the mother hen.

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